

PLAN PROTECTION OF U. S. CITIZENS

Military Leaders and Consuls in Mexico Ready for Border Conference.

CARRANZA'S PURSUIT OF BANDITS WATCHED

Troop Movements May Result in Trapping of Raiders of Glen Springs.

Washington, May 18.—While awaiting reopening of diplomatic discussions with Carranza and results of the military campaign against outlaw bands, the United States government is considering further measures for the protection of American interests in Mexico.

Several consuls from the interior of Mexico, ordered to the border by the State Department, have arrived at El Paso for conferences among themselves and with General Funston and other military leaders, which are expected to result in recommendations to the department in the interest of American lives and property across the southern boundary.

Coincident with the gathering of the consuls, the State Department today announced partial returns of the census of Americans in Mexico, recently ordered. It was stated officially that the American colony at Mexico City now numbers about 1,200. Reports from other points indicate that there may now be less than 3,000 citizens of the United States in all Mexico.

Whether the question of effecting removal of Americans still remaining in the bandit-infested regions will be considered was not disclosed here officially.

Consul Lecher, of Chihuahua City, will come to Washington after the border conference to make a detailed report to the State Department.

No important military developments in Mexico along the border were reported to Washington today. Officials here are closely observing the campaign begun by General Trevino in Southern and Western Chihuahua against the outlaws who raided the Big Bend district. Official dispatches today stated that Colonel Sibley, in charge of the pursuit of the outlaws who raided Glen Springs and Boquilla, had a temporary base about forty miles south of the boundary.

With Carranza troops reported moving northward toward the Coahuila-Chihuahua border, army officials believed it possible that the bandits might be caught between the Carranza and American forces.

State Department dispatches indicated that the strike of Mexican railway employees was spreading. Shop men at Piedras Negras were reported to have gone on a strike, preventing movement of trains from the south since May 14. It also was officially reported that railroad employees in Guadalupe struck May 16 and that Aguascalientes was cut off from railroad communication because of the strike.

MEXICO SPEEDS ARMY CUPID

Lieutenant Blyth Had Planned to Wed in July, But Takes Bride Now.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.)

Denver, May 18.—With just one week's leave of absence in which to get married and rejoin his regiment, Lieutenant James Blyth hurried into Denver last evening from Fort Leavenworth and claimed Miss Eunice Seiter as his bride. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. A. Wilson, of St. Paul's English Lutheran Church, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. F. Seiter, in Marion Street.

The couple left last night for Colorado Springs. Tomorrow Lieutenant Blyth will leave for Brownsville, Texas, where his regiment, the 30th Infantry, is doing border patrol duty. A church wedding in July had been planned, but the arrangements were changed because of the Mexican situation. Lieutenant Blyth has been stationed at Plattsburg, N. Y. He is a West Point graduate, and has been military attaché to several foreign legations. He recently passed the examination for promotion at the Leavenworth instruction school. His bride is one of the prettiest girls in Denver and a social favorite.

Hunger Fails to Check Speed of Sibley's Men



(Copyright, 1916, American Press Association.)
New photograph of Brigadier General John J. Pershing, taken before his field headquarters tent.

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do not win him his lieutenant-colonelcy, then all promotions in this Mexican business will be a farce.

Texans Fail to Aid.

Last Friday night I had for the second time reached Deemer's store, now in a motor car instead of a collapsing burro cart. Hasbrouck, one of the captured and self-proclaimed bandits, had it in his mind to make a dash for the open thicket of the mining men's porch. Suddenly I heard the voice of little Colonel Sibley, decisive and spare of flesh as he is of words.

"Hello, Dunn. You back?" he said. "You and Hasbrouck are under orders of my quartermaster. You're to take two loads of ammunition. 10,000 rounds to Major Langhorne, wherever he is—God knows."

We loaded the long, heavy green boxes and were off, twenty miles to the ford at San Vicente, over river, just in the van of the troops. Only one of the road hither did we have to unload and push up a hill. There on the river bank, at Old Man Calder's house—prettiest Big Bender, once tried for murder, it is said, and living in a mud hut flatter than any Mexican's—we found an army mule team. The crossing was easy, the water only up to our humps, but soon we stuck in the sand and

Before we had had our coffee and loaded the car, the mounts were being led back from water and saddled at the picket line. Columns of dust rose against the towering banded wall of the Sierra del Carmen; officers called to their orderlies; lanky scouts and rangers in blue overalls and im-

mense felt hats whispered of the last fake bandit attack back on the trail, in contrast to the grim silence of the regulars.

Trail Taken Swiftly.

There was Powers, the mine doctor, a huge man with a slight stoop, in undershirt and suspenders, who, like all his companions taken by the bandit Alvarez, has not since the escape seemed wholly in his right mind. Colonel McComb, blanketed and in the underwear, was still asleep under the open thatch of the mining men's porch. Suddenly I heard the voice of little Colonel Sibley, decisive and spare of flesh as he is of words.

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At Deemer's, reveille sounded at four Saturday morning. The two troops, G. and H., 14th Cavalry, and the machine gun squad, were to start across the river after Langhorne's force, now 36 hours ahead, and its whereabouts unknown. Never had I seen troops break camp so quickly. Cook pans were folded, mess fires dwindling in the darkness.

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had to send back for the mules to pull us out.

Carter and I waited for Hasbrouck to return with them. We began to guard and watch which could not be reached for our seventy-mile dash alone through the bandit country, until, late that night, we joined Major Langhorne. Going to the river for water, we took our rifles. Natives poured from the mud village on a hill to stare and gesticulate against the skyline. Finally a youth, astride a burro packing two casks, came down to reconnoitre us, greeting from afar with the cry, "Pacífico."

Over the sandhole began the long desert trip. One had a little coffee, no food, a few pipefuls of tobacco, and no knowledge of where the waterholes were. Again we pushed the car in and out of stony arroyos, pounded for brief moments on good road among the tall dead stalks of the sotol plant, of green and purple pancake cactus, occasionally bushed with scentless purple and yellow flowers, and on a few hillside immense white gonzales, like scattered chunks of salt. But not a bird nor insect in the furnace heat, only the shadow, as if stamped in metal, creeping dark blue out of the dry wounds of the stark, high mountains.

We passed barriers of mud and dry huts, Terrazas, Los Alamos. Their people rushed out eagerly to tell us when and by what road the cavalry had passed.

Carts loaded with whole families met us, headed for the border, for work and escape from the land of anarchy. Sometimes man and wife and pack loaded one tiny burro. And behind every cart, with the dark children peeping from its filthy cover, was, of course, strapped the huge family guitar.

I had to hold back Hasbrouck from pointing his rifle at the few mounted men travelling along that we met. He, too, seemed to have been slightly "hipped" by his temporary capture, and talked continually and a bit wildly of the bloody "stickup," as he called it, that he hoped to get into when Langhorne rounded up the bandits. But I had long ceased to wonder at anything in this extraordinary, barbed region, whose contributions to industry are so bizarre as its products of nature and vegetable ways for photographic records.

Twelve miles over a high pass, beyond which the road improved, we picked up an army blanket. In half an hour we sighted the black backs of Major Langhorne's command at Aguachita, place of the inconstant well, also called ironically Las Delicias. It was here that we learned of Deemer's presence twenty-two miles beyond; of the major's disappointment in being unable to attack the bandits there the night before, owing to the breakdown of his one motor truck. Here we had the conference and began the night advance that ended in the rescue of Deemer, described in my yesterday's dispatch.

Attack Alarm False.

Our three automobiles in that movement were often detached for an hour from the cavalry column. At the very end of the column, the private reported to Langhorne that a band of mounted Mexicans were following along our flank. The first we knew of this was when Lieutenant Cramer and half a dozen men emerged suddenly against the moonlight with drawn revolvers. "Quien vive!" he cried at us, and "Amigos!" we answered, and every one laughed. But all nerves that night were not so quiet, though the moonlight blurted the desert until it was almost beautiful.

Once Foster, a mining man of the region, who was along, whispered: "There they come, boys. Every man out behind his machine." A dead whirl in the opposite direction had fooled him. Few obeyed, but there was a great listening of men, with their ears flat on the pale sand. "Oh, hell!" said Carl Carter, finally. "Them mesquite bushes out there ain't moved an inch the last ten minutes." But it so excited one Howard, civilian driver of the major's car, who can see bandits in every cactus, that he kept turning on his lights, till a sergeant rode up and threatened to shoot if he flashed them again.

Hardly had we found Deemer here, as I have told, than we were off in the three motors after the bandit handful who had left here that very morning behind the main band. An alarm given before we had gone three miles prevented our getting them. Some one in one of the cars, imagining that he saw an armed man running through the mesquite, reported this to the major, and cried, "All out and after him!" Out we piled, to deploy and scour

arroyos for three miles more, discovering nothing. When we all met again the major's big car had gone on, taking him and the machine gun, and leaving us piled, more than a dozen of us soldiers and scouts, into the two remaining flivvers, which, overloaded, promptly burst their tires, and one burned out its bearings. The latter we left at the mud shacks of Santa Rosita. Here Captain Kirkpatrick, of Troop A, mounted a hill, and, with his glasses, spotted the only real adventure of the day, the major's own.

Langhorne Pursues Bandit.

"You can see Langhorne's car," he returned to tell us, pointing westward, far from the ridge. "It's chasing a mounted Mexican camp across the desert." We stared at the dust whirling yonder till our eyes ached, but could make out nothing. Kirkpatrick had seen him true enough, but we did not learn what had happened until Langhorne reached here at noon. Had all our cars been in commission we could have followed and killed the small band close ahead of us. As it was, the exorable Howard whisked Langhorne after the first of them was seen and before the others had come into view.

The bandit was riding a sorrel American horse, and by no chance on his tired mount could have made more than five miles an hour. Several shots were exchanged, but the chase was spoiled by Howard's refusing to keep his eyes in the boat, so that he soon ran the motor into an arroyo.

Foster, the mining man, and I, being technically non-combatants, stayed at Santa Rosita while the others went on toward San Francisco.

Almost casual, exciting and un-Pershinglike this was. But any man would have given his eye teeth to be mixed up in it, and the spirit of every one was a thing to look back upon and envy.

The truck came by, carrying reinforcements forward; the flivvers made several trips, all in preparation for the attack that night on Cerro Blanco. Alone at our post, we had orders to let no Mexican leave the settlement. Only one wanted to, and we let him go on parole, which he kept, returning at dark. Mounting guard turn by turn, we caught up the sleep missed for the last two days, and it was in one of my maps that the village cat stole the sole ration I had in sight—the gnawed thighbone of a goat.

Just as we were mounting the roof of a "dobe" shack to hold guard there, a man and two mules, the truck came by from here, loaded for the last time, and took us on to the lone windmill of San Francisco, where the major plotted the surrounding of Cerro Blanco, exactly as had been done for Santa Fe the previous night, and, as it turned out, with the same disappointing result.

A troop had come up at dark, and Lieutenant Foster at midnight had ordered back to bring up another force of a dozen mounts. The first horseman, the loaded truck and single flivver started forward at 3 o'clock a. m. I hadn't the impertinence, since lighting men were so scant, to crowd on either. First, I decided to walk on alone behind till I realized that Foster's squad, seeing me armed and alone in the darkness, would naturally not hesitate to shoot.

I could have heard their hoofs and crawled under a mesquite, but the best chance was to wait for the detachment itself, riding on one of the remounts, which I did, when they arrived just before daylight. At the top of the rise overlooking Cerro Blanco a messenger came back to say that the main quarry had escaped during the night and was well on the road to Sierra Mojada. It was then that Langhorne sent out the two small detachments, of which Lieutenant Cramer's was successful at Castillito.

Deemer Apathetic Hero.

Last night was the first time that I have slept a wink for three days. I shall leave here to-night, convinced that this expedition is over, bringing this dispatch out with me. This afternoon the first pack train arrived from Colonel Sibley, who is reported at Los Alamos, and with it came such luxuries as hard tack and bacon.

Westchester Transactions.

The Nelson Estates, Robert E. Farley, vice-president, has sold a plot on Union avenue in the Nelson Estates section of Peekskill, to James Pincus, who will erect a dwelling.

Fish & Marvin have rented furnished for a term for Mrs. Louise E. Meigs an apartment in the Kenilworth, Alger Court, Bronxville, to Ralph Morgan, of New York.

FOE IS NOT WEAK, BRITAIN WARNED

Chamberlain Tells Commons Not to Count on German Exhaustion.

FRENCH CREDITS TOP BILLION MARK

Ribot Asks Increased Taxes on Alcohol, Wines, Sugar and Tobacco.

London, May 18.—An interesting discussion on finance after the war was raised in the House of Commons today by William A. S. Hewins, Unionist member for Herford, a representative of the tariff interests. Mr. Hewins pointed to the tremendous growth of direct, as compared with indirect, taxation and warned the country against underestimating Germany's economic strength. He urged that it was an imperative necessity for the government to state its attitude toward the necessary credits and the economic conference in Paris and take steps in the direction of trade preference within the empire and a preferential arrangement with the Allies.

J. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India, in replying made a significant speech which seemed to foreshadow some kind of an economic agreement among the different parties in the House. Like Mr. Hewins, he warned that it would be unwise to count upon the rapid economic exhaustion of Germany and declared that it would be much better for Great Britain to build on her own strength than on Germany's weakness.

Great Britain's tremendous financial resources as compared with Germany's were worth remarking, however, added Mr. Chamberlain, as was the fact that

Great Britain seemed to be bearing the burden without strain. The nation was using up its capital, however, for war purposes, while neutral countries, through large profits made at the expense of the belligerents, were accumulating resources to compete after the war.

Mr. Chamberlain said that he could make no statement about the Paris conference except that Great Britain's representatives would go unbound by any rigid school of economic thought.

Billion in French Credits; Ribot Asks Higher Taxes

Paris, May 18.—Finance Minister Ribot presented to the Chamber of Deputies on its reassembling today a measure covering the credits for the third quarter of the year. The credits aggregate 8,310,000,000 francs (\$1,662,000,000). The Finance Minister accompanied the measure with a statement showing a satisfactory condition of the treasury and of the Bank of France.

M. Ribot called attention to the necessity of providing before the end of the war for interest charges. He proposed increases in direct and indirect taxes that will increase the revenue 900,000,000 francs annually on alcohol, wine, beer, cider, sugar and tobacco.

The law submitted by M. Ribot would double the tax on horses, carriages, automobiles, billiard tables, clubs, hunting preserves and mines. It would tax house dogs ten francs each and hunting dogs five francs each.

Dealing with the question of exchange, M. Ribot said: "The United States, which to-day are our greatest provider, understand more and more that they have an interest in facilitating our purchases by furnishing us the necessary credits and thus assuring important advantages, after the question of peace arises, in reconstructing our industries and establishing our economic relations on a more extended basis."

"The arrangements made with the British Treasury and between the Bank of France and the Bank of England are to the advantage of both countries in maintaining the exchange rate of London on other countries, and in particular on the United States, to the extent necessary to enable the maintenance of gold payments by the Bank of England."

"This united action by the Allies, who are struggling for liberty and civilization, and the unshakable resolution never to lay down arms before winning a peace that protects us

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GIRL, GARBED AS MAN, IS NIGHT MARAUDER

Pair of No. 5½ Shoes on Baby-lon Lawn Clew to Robberies

There is more than a suspicion among residents of Babylon, Long Island, that one of the city's young women, trousered, armed with a club and otherwise disguised as a man, is responsible for the burglaries that have cost the town a small fortune.

Early yesterday Miss Mildred Raymond, nineteen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raymond, was awakened by a noise in her room. Seeing the slight figure of an intruder standing near her dressing table, she screamed, with the result that the burglar struck her over the head with a club. A few minutes later her father found her suffering from several cuts caused by the blows.

On the lawn was found a diminutive pair of men's shoes, with rubber soles and heels, No. 5½. The police say the shoes could not have been worn by a man unless he was a dwarf.

British Columbia May Go Dry.

Victoria, B. C., May 18.—Premier Bowser introduced today in the Provincial Parliament a prohibition bill, to become effective in British Columbia July 1, 1917. Of a House attendance of forty members, advocates of the bill say that less than ten will vote against the measure.

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